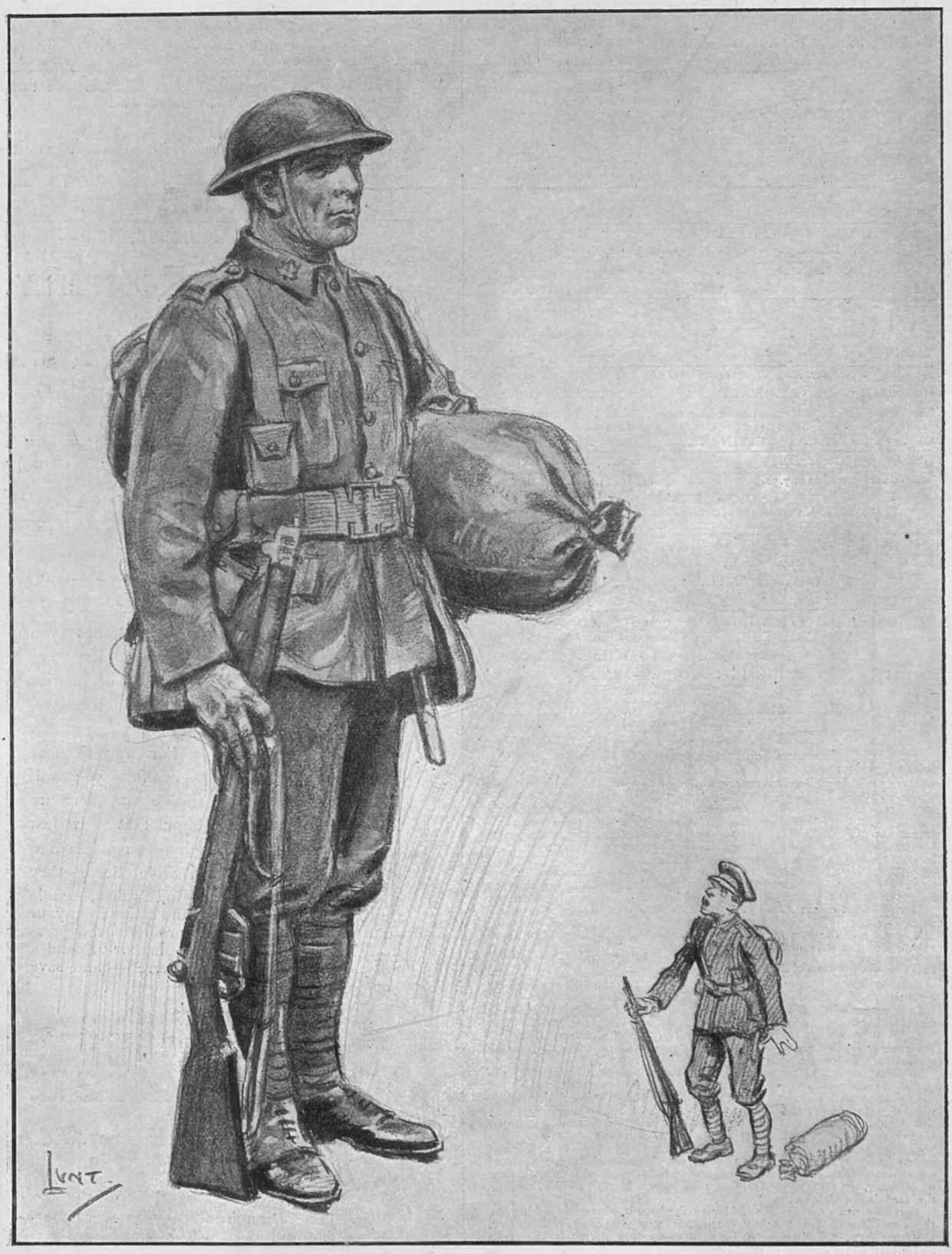
The Bystander, October 16, 1918.—No. 776. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER



OCTOBER, 1918 **"Great Scot! Some Growth!"** OCTOBER, 1914

Yesterday (Monday) was celebrated the fourth anniversary of the arrival of the first Canadian contingent in England. In 1914 Canada's regular army numbered 3,000 men. At the beginning of last month it had sent 390,000 soldiers overseas, and 60,000 were in training

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527.
Nightly, 7.45. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
The J. L. Sacks, Limited, production
"THE LILAC DOMINO."

COLISEUM. (Gerr. 7541.) 2.30 and 7.45 p.m.
Serge Diaghileff's Russian Ballet. Afternoon 'SCHEHERAZADE,' Evening "PAPILLONS," Clarice Mayne, Julien Henry, Ina Hill.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.15.
SECOND EDITION of "BOX O' TRICKS!"
Produced by ALBERT DE COURVILLE.
HARRY TATE, Etc. The Hippodrome Beauty Chorus. Gerr. 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.20
Programme for week commencing Monday, October 14.
HARRY WELDON, BILLY MERSON, BRANSBY WILLIAMS, ELLA SHIELDS, PERCI HONRI, AMY EVANS, DAVID POOLE, GIRTON GIRLS, LAURIE DEVINE.

OXFORD. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.30
C. B. Cochran's Stupendous Success, "THE BETTER 'OLE."
By Bruce Bairnsfather and Arthur Eliot.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER as "Old Bill." Smoking permitted

ADELPHI, STRAND. (Ger. 2645). "THE BOY"
W. H. BERRY, Nellie Taylor, Maidie Hope, Nellie Briercliffe, C. M. Lowne, W. H. Rawlins, Peter Gawthorne.
2nd Year EVENINGS at 7.45. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.

APOLLO ('Phone: Gerrard 3243.) EVENINGS at 8.
"SOLDIER BOY" The Successful Musical Comedy.
Matinées, Tues., Frids., and Sats., at 2.30 Box Office: 10 to 10.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production. (SECOND YEAR).
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, and Jose Collins.
EVENINGS at 7.45. MATINEES, TUES., THURS., and SAT., at 2

GLOBE (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LOHR.
Every Evening at 7.50. Matinées, Weds. and Sats. at 2.15.
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By R. C. CARTON and JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.
MARIE LOHR, FRED KERR, LOTTIE VENNE, DAWSON MILWARD.

KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032). A WEEK-END.
New Farce by WALTER ELLIS
(Author of "A Little Bit of Fluff.")
MATINEES, Daily at 2.30. EVENINGS, Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 8.

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FAY COMPTON, Mary Forbes, Ronald Squire, Laurence Leyton, and DAVID MILLER.
"THE BEST LAUGH IN LONDON."—*Vide* Daily Papers.

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£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway train, public omnibus tramcar or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticket (or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger.

Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder.

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£500 for the Loss of One Limb as above defined.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are of the essence of the contract viz.:

1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.
2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.
3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, so signed shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.
5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 14th day of October, 1918, until midnight of Wednesday, the 23rd day of October, 1918.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED ACT, 1890," except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Signature of holder.....

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—AUTUMN NUMBER, 1918—

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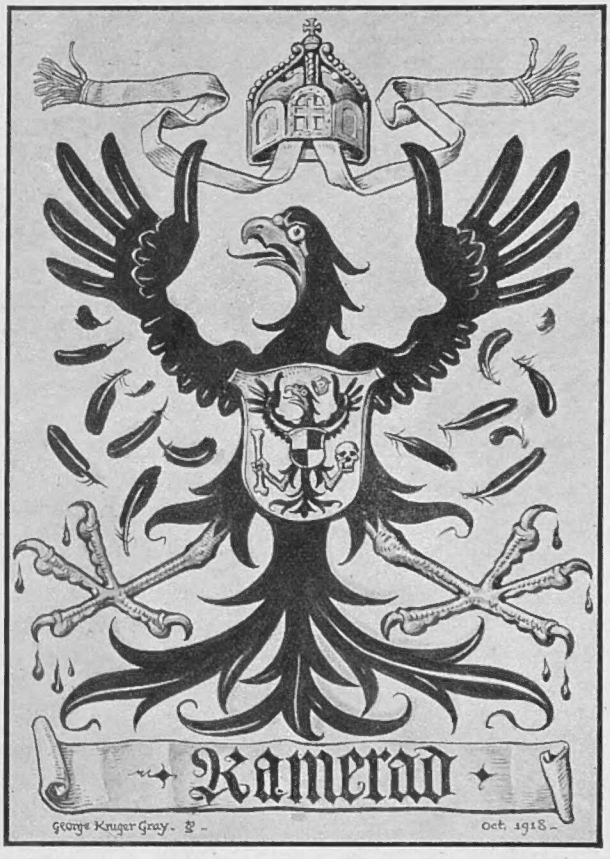
F 52.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

The Use of Pessimism

WHERE, oh where, are our dear old pessimists? I can find none of the downcasts nowadays. Is it possible that they have found the trick of smiling, and are mixing amongst us, cheery amongst the cheeriest, or have they joined those weird war prophets and thoughtfully buried themselves? And yet a pessimist or two, if they were not lamp-posted, would be quite useful at the moment. Things have gone so gloriously with us that we are in peril of losing our balance. The very idea that the war is nearly won may produce slackness in home war-work that may even yet endanger our armies in the field. And in the exultation of victory on victory we some of us forget its hideous cost. I have reason to believe that in all of our recent triumphs we have taken a far heavier toll of the enemy than he has of us; but none the less our own losses are bringing deep anguish to thousands of homes.



When Peace Comes

THIS may be why joy-bells are silent and crowds that would have cheered are dumb. This conflict is so tremendous an ordeal that our very national characteristics are in suspense—all except sheer doggedness. And on that, once again, we have won. Of course, when peace does come, things may be very different. But there will be tears in the welcome for the lads who have saved us. They and we will think of those others who have given their last salute. And there will still be DORA to keep even the exuberant within bounds—DORA and precious little liquor, and exceedingly difficult and anxious times ahead.

The War's Super-Problems

IT may be that we are on the eve of the solution of the two most thrilling of all the riddles of this great time. Will the German Fleet come out? Will Germany fight to a finish or break into a whining, beaten rabble, clutching at revolution as the last hope of loot? Assuredly, the probabilities are that both questions will be answered affirmatively. Germany must know that if her ships do not fight they will be taken from her, and she probably has also a shrewd notion that if they *do* fight they will be sunk. In this dilemma she must think of the future. She will realise that there will be scant enthusiasm for a German Fleet in the years to come if to-day, at her supreme crisis, it funks behind mine-fields. So I, for one, still feel that that Fleet *will* come out and I await the sea day with a great confidence.

Kultur at Home

HISTORY has shown that when a nation gets the trick of murder, looting, rapine, and outrage of every fiendish and hellish kind, and indulges these bestial tastes year after year, it cannot 'vert to the angelic or even to the common or garden quiet citizen form of life by the wave of a peace wand even if it wants to. Germany will for a long time reap in Germany the Devil's harvest which the Prussians have sown in the public mind. The marauders who have failed to get their bellyful of loot from those whom they swept down on will make up the deficiency at home. It will be quite as easy and diverting to crucify a detested German ruler as to mutilate a wounded prisoner. Kultur has come to stay for quite a long season, and will continue to sicken the world. Also, one revolution begets another, and in this way eternal justice comes into her own.

Merely Comedians?

WHEN Prince Max issued his slim but silly peace appeal, by a remarkable coincidence Lord Haldane made another of his strangely un-English speeches, and Sir Edward Grey (what was) let it be known that he was going on the stump for the League of Nations jugglery. Mr. "Morel" is to be a candidate

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

for Parliament—the British Parliament, if you please—as a champion, appropriately enough, of the I.L.P. All this must be exceedingly gratifying to our young gentlemen in khaki who are too busy to attend to these little affairs at the immediate present.

Look Ahead Phase

VICTORY is surely sufficiently near to demand instant action on that nebulous hotch-potch of essentials which are comprehensively pigeon-holed as Reconstruction. Demobilisation will be a supremely difficult matter affecting vitally the future of our race.

"NOTHING LIKE IT"

"You'll have to put in a new set of strings before you can get anything like the right tune"

We must get a move on with it at once. Housing problems scream for attention, and not only should all plans be made, but effective and fully adequate preparations. The Government has not been a signal success in war-making: it had better set to work forthwith to redeem its character in peace. It really must not count on DORA to stifle criticism and produce the necessary whitewash for failure. DORA will have a very hurried funeral when the lads come back, and no one will send her a wreath.

Ichabod!

AND so the glory of the Kaiser is departed. It is said that his faithful people even hiss him if he shows himself in the streets of Berlin, and that must be the unkindest cut of all. It may be that the reverence of the average German for the Kaiser has been exaggerated in times gone by. There is a story of an Englishman who, sitting on the terrace of a café in Berlin some years ago, committed himself aloud to the indiscreet statement that the Emperor was a d—d fool. Promptly he was tapped on the shoulder by a policeman who understood English, and was informed that he was under arrest for the crime of *lèse-majesté*. The Englishman protested that he was not speaking of the German Emperor—there were others in the world. "Yes, I know," replied the faithful Berliner, "but ours is the only Emperor who is a d—d fool!"

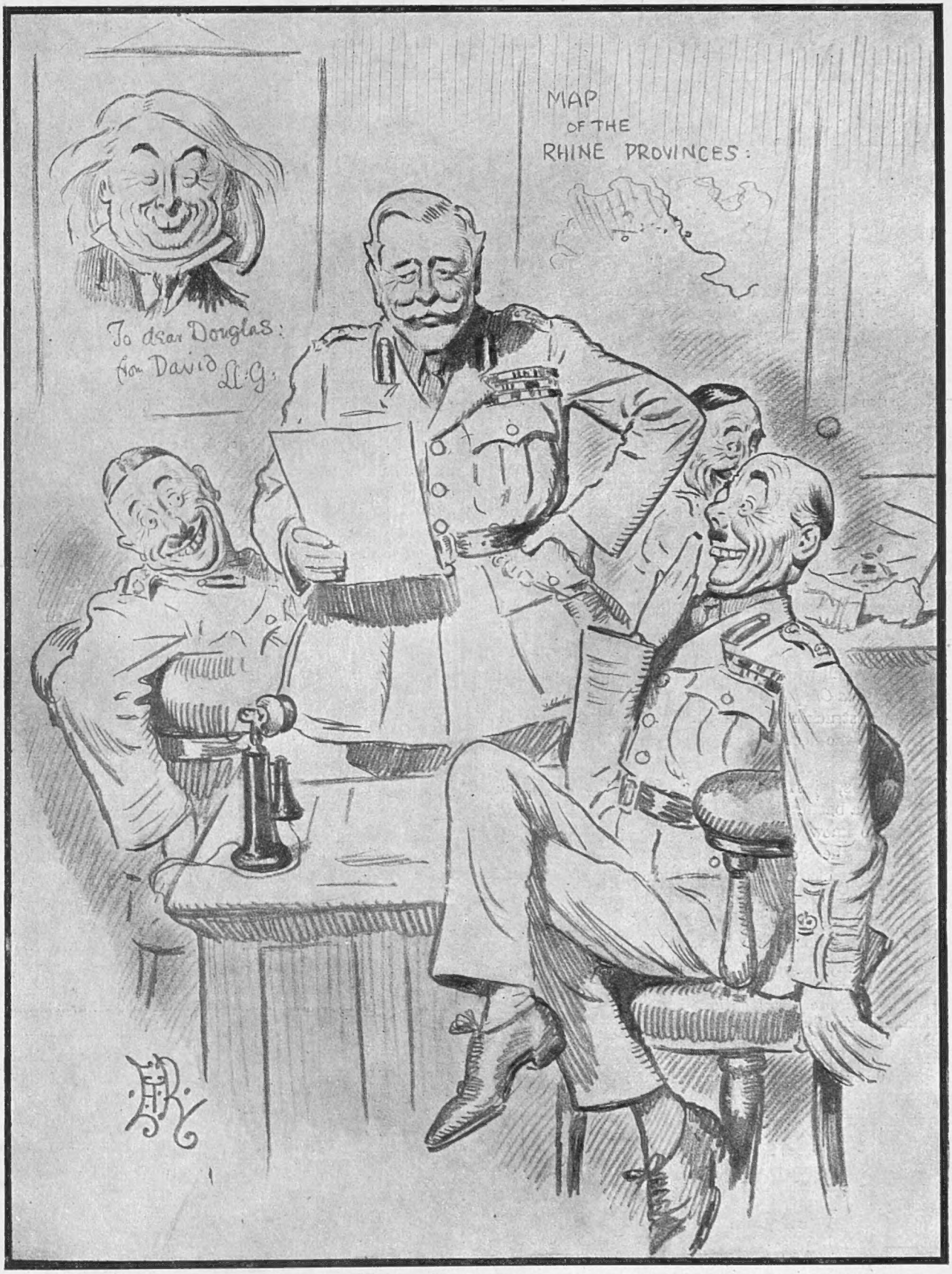
Hun Truths

IT now appears that the Germans have been cruelly libelled by the statements of our war correspondents to the effect that they had set fire to Douai. The truth is—the German Press vouches for it, and that ought to be sufficient—Douai was set on fire by the shells the inconsiderate British flung into it. Doubtless it is the British who mine cathedrals and crucify kittens in order to introduce a little humour into the otherwise grim business of war. But the German people have got to be fed up with some kind of yarn in these days, and a people that can swallow the legend that the invasion of Belgium was an act of self-defence for Germany will swallow anything.

Paving the Way

A GERMAN Professor has taken the pains to write an article to show that if the Germans are forced out of Belgium it will only be because the English guns have laid everything waste. The effect of this horrid behaviour on the part of the English will be that Belgium will be practically paved with steel and old iron, so that the country will be useless for agricultural purposes for many years to come. It does not seem to have occurred to the learned professor to reflect that by the time the English have done covering the surface of Belgium with bric-à-brac they would be at the German frontier, with nothing to stop them from continuing the good work in the Fatherland. The Germans might then be given the option of having their fields covered with a metal surface, or of stepping across into Belgium at their own expense and sweeping up the mess there. We are accustomed to find German professors in their second childhood, but this particular specimen does not seem to have outgrown his first infancy.

Fancy Takes Another Flight



SIR DOUGLAS: "M'yes; now I think, gentlemen, *this* about meets the case: (*reads*) '*Official Telegram*—Sir Douglas Haig to the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George:

"'*So* glad you've heard! It *would* have been a pity if our recent little efforts on the Continent had escaped your notice altogether. Kindly permit me to thank you for your long and wholly (*troublesome fit of coughing*) delightful telegram of congratulation only just received. What a *lot* it must have cost you to send'"

IN ENGLAND—NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Soldier-men *must* dance, 'specially the American variety"

LONDON, *October* 14, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

GERMANY begging for peace—and the end not far off at that—oh, joy! Oh, rapture! *Priceless*, isn't it? And yet, quite extraordinary, is it not, though we're all just simply aching for it here in England now, how *very* agreed everyone is that it shan't be just any old peace? Specially—well, you know the kind. "Arranged" at the various F.O.s by the super-grey matter that haunts those dreadfully dud, not to say pre-war, institutions. The peace terms everyone wants are simplicity itself. Merely the Boche downed and outed—out of the sun for all time and his leaders in the soup. No negotiations *or* discussions necessary or needed. But, lor! suppose our diplomats' d have a word to say about that, what?

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THOUGH why they should be *let* say a word is one of those truly British mysteries of ours, considering how entirely their fault it was that England went to war utterly unprepared and utterly unready—except, of course, for her unsleeping Navy. Of which I recall what Shane Leslie wrote in his delightful *End of a Chapter*: "The decisive stroke of the war had been struck before the war began. Someone had mobilised the fleet!"

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APROPOS, just culled this from the magazine of a battleship, which modestly wants to know whether there's any truth in the rumour that Messrs. Gieve have closed all their branches temporarily in order to cope with the unusually large demand for gold braid and medal ribbons made by same:

It was early dawn in the North Sea. The tired watch-keeper, on the bridge of a light cruiser, was gazing despondently on the Eastern horizon, where a few faint streaks of light heralded approaching day. Would they ever come out? Suddenly he raised his glasses with a quick exclamation. A black speck!

Two!
Three!!
Four!!!

The specks increased and moved rapidly.

What was it?
LIVER!

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AND I don't mind what the stoker said, having received orders, when about to sling hammock after succession of convoys, stunts, etc., to go below and raise steam for further enjoyment:

If I could find the bounder wot would buy it, I'd *sell* my flamin' 'ammick; it ain't no blinkin' use to *me!*

"In order to cope with the unusually large demand for gold braid"

卐 卐

ONE reason, you know, why some of us are almost *afraid* of peace. War is so difficult, but peace so easy. And when we've slipped into it, unless it's a proper peace, they'll just have died in vain, England's slaughtered sons, all our youth, all the best of our race, all our hopes for the future. We must stand very firm behind our defenceless dead—

. . . . . Comrade, sleep!
A wooden cross at your brave head will stand.
A cross of wood? A Calvary!—the Land
For whose sake you laid down sweet life, will keep
Watch, lad, and ward that none may bring to shame
The name for which you died . . . "What's in a name?"—
England shall answer! You will hear her cry:
"Well done, my own! My son, good rest.
Good-bye!"

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ONE of our autumn amusements, by the way, organisation of woman—by that clever one-time smacker of Prime Ministers and things, Miss Christabel Pankhurst—every Tuesday afternoon, at the Queen's Hall. It is felt, you see, that though the women have been—er—splendid and all that, there may still be something for them to learn as voters. I see from the Women's Party programme that, amongst other things, the Birth Question, Education, Industrial Unrest, Home and Foreign Politics, Maternity, and Infant Life are all to be dealt with by word and deed. So there'll be no excuse in future for any mother who, like the unregenerate voteless one, powdered her baby with Eno's Fruit Salt and fainted when it fizzed.

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TALKING of us, perfectly *wicked* book just out, called *Women*. The author, who is anonymous (afraid he'd get his eyes scratched out, I suppose, if he came out in the open), doesn't seem to like us, not

(*Continued on page 100*)

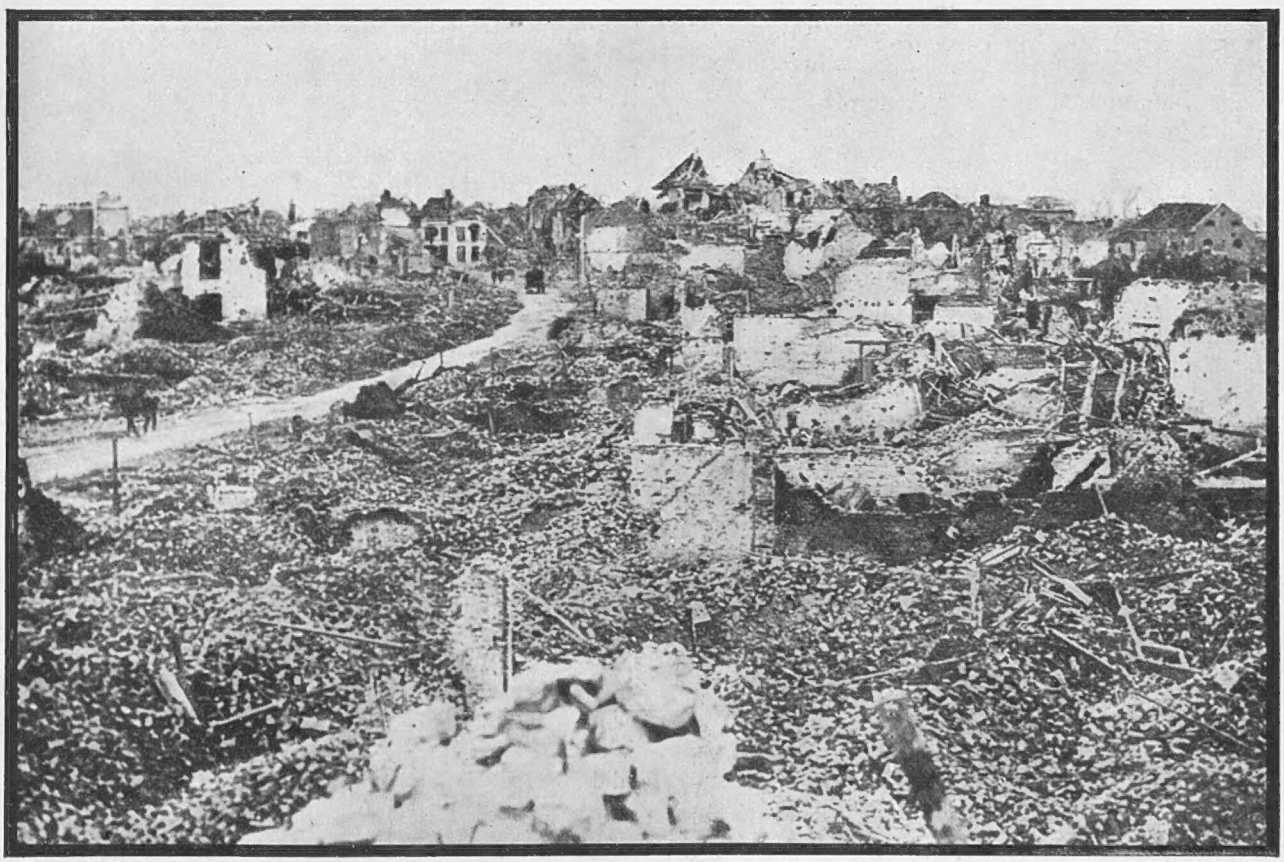
Only Items

IN THE ACCOUNT THAT MUST BE PAID

Belgian Official Photograph

THE ROAD TO PASSCHENDAELE

Convoys of supplies following the victorious Belgians through a country laid waste



French Official Photograph

THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL TOWN OF BAILLEUL

These photographs show only two small spots of the hundreds of miles of country devastated by the Hun. Are all these criminal acts to be wiped off as bad debts at the settlement? NO!—a thousand times NO!

"Double for *everything*, from dusters to diamonds"

much, and he turns on the good old Shaw taunt just as if he'd said something new:

The mysteriousness of woman is a sedulously cultivated legend. The great mystery is that there is no mystery at all—only a pretence. That is why a woman instinctively dreads a man with brains. . . . . The feminine obsession is sex. They have no other interests. . . .

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AFTER which I fairly came over all dithery-like when I read (1) in the paper a certain female woman's announcement that "Some of us are very tired of the whole subject of sex. We look to a time upon another plane when we shall have become sexless." (What amazing ambitions some people do have, don't they?)

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FROM which I gather, as I've said before, that it takes all sorts to make a world—but that some of the sorts are duds! And meanwhile—well, it's a sure thing, I guess, that she's far indeed from the sexless plane, the woman who, with the help of man, is making things hum so very very-ly here in London now. The latest is that soldier-men *must* dance—lest worse befall them. 'Specially the newest, or American, variety, upon whom (I quote the dancing lady, Mrs. Vernon Castle) "to combat the evil of the London streets, the moral effect would be great." And as man cannot dance alone—well, to say their partners are "enjoying the war" is a *mild* way of putting it.

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THE dance *venue* is to be every night at Covent Garden, where thousands may foot it at a time. And all expenses, it is said, are to be paid by the South African racing man and gambler-punisher, Mr. Solly Joel. It's a whimsical war, isn't it? Tragedy and grief and horror and suffering behind the scenes, but in front—London, at any rate, a positive Rome-before-the-Fall for luxury and amusement.

WHILE as for the little matter of *paying* for a war costly beyond the wildest dreams of the most pessimistic of prophets, seems we can do it all right—and indulge at the same time in the war-time luxury of disbursing at least double for *everything*, from dusters to diamonds. The most eclectic London show of last week, for instance, was of frocks designed by Count Michael de Torby, one of the last of the Romanoffs, and made by a great man dressmaker.

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THE frocks were the most exquisite, the most unpractical, the most feminine, the most delightful—and the most expensive I have ever seen. And as, in a marvellous Chinese room, full of priceless "pieces," lit by cunning lights, perfumed with rare scents, Orientally coloured and delicately warmed, we sat and watched wonderful mannequins—woman incarnate—parading before us, one really and truly did ask oneself, "*Can* there be a war?"

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TRUE, one got a faint war-touch in the almost super-select, quietly dressed (with pearls) audience (I mean, when you're *so* select you don't get a very great crowd, naturally), for there was a duchess in V.A.D. dress, and only two men, and a princess, who complained that though one must have "a few" tea-gowns, as we'd be in the dark this winter no one would see them.

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OBVIOUS, however, isn't it, that one section of British womanhood hasn't let the war make any difference? Those frocks weren't made except to be sold, you know, and I don't suppose the simplest costs less than 30 or 40 guineas, while as to the sort of things that are variously called *Château en Espagne* or *Nuit d'Orient*, or *Wrap d'Or*, or *Gris Perle*, or *Théodora*. . . . Words fail me when it comes to pricing *them!*

卐 卐

BUT all men will be pleased to hear that what goes on to the bill is taken off in the skirts. Which we've shortened and tightened more than ever this winter, you know—to help win the war. *Aren't* the women "splendid"? Really, you know, at this rate we shall win the war *before* Christmas!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"What goes on to the bill is taken off in the skirts"

"Carrying On"

No. 5.—THE WINDOW-CLEANING GIRL

LOST FILE ACTION

By "G. S. O. 3"

1. At 7.30 a.m. on every week-day, and at 9 a.m. on every Sunday, the Brigadier-General General Staff will issue "Preliminary Warning: it is expected that files may be lost."

2. On receipt of definite information that a file or letter has been lost, the B.G.G.S. will issue the order "Take Lost File Action." On receipt of the above order, all doors of the General Staff Office will be locked, and it is the duty of the Chief Engineer to see that wet blankets are placed over the tops of all chimneys and a red flag hung out of each of the windows.

3. All officers will now question all other officers in the prescribed form, as follows: "Do you remember this letter?" All officers will invariably answer "No."

4. All officers will next proceed without delay to the cupboard where the files are kept, and each will seize the two files which appear to him, on his arrival at the cupboard, to be the largest and oldest.

5. All Heads of Departments who may be present, together with all Commanding Officers, Assistant Provost-Marshals, Railway Transport Officers, Second Lieutenants (acting Lieut.-Col.), Orderlies, and A.D.C.'s, personal friends of the staff officers, Administrative Officers from neighbouring offices, Court Martial Officers, grooms and servants of the Staff Officers, retired Generals graded for pay as "Staff Lieutenants, second class," and others present in the room, will at once follow the example of the General Staff and seize several files from the cupboard.

6. If the G.O.C.'s bell should ring before the resumption of abnormal conditions (*i.e.*, conditions in which no letter is lost) the B.G.G.S. will act as follows:

(a) He will ascertain which file-searching officer was nearest to him when the G.O.C.'s bell rang.

(b) He will take the first six sub-jackets that this officer can hand to him and proceed forthwith to the G.O.C.'s room.

(c) He will return within five seconds and will invariably state that the letters which he took in were the wrong ones.

During his absence the search should continue, but not with the same appearance of urgency.

7. Within twenty minutes of the order "Take Lost File Action," the B.G.G.S. will invariably state the year of the lost letter, but it is not necessary to state the subject or the number of the letter until it appears certain that no officer present has guessed the same by intuition.

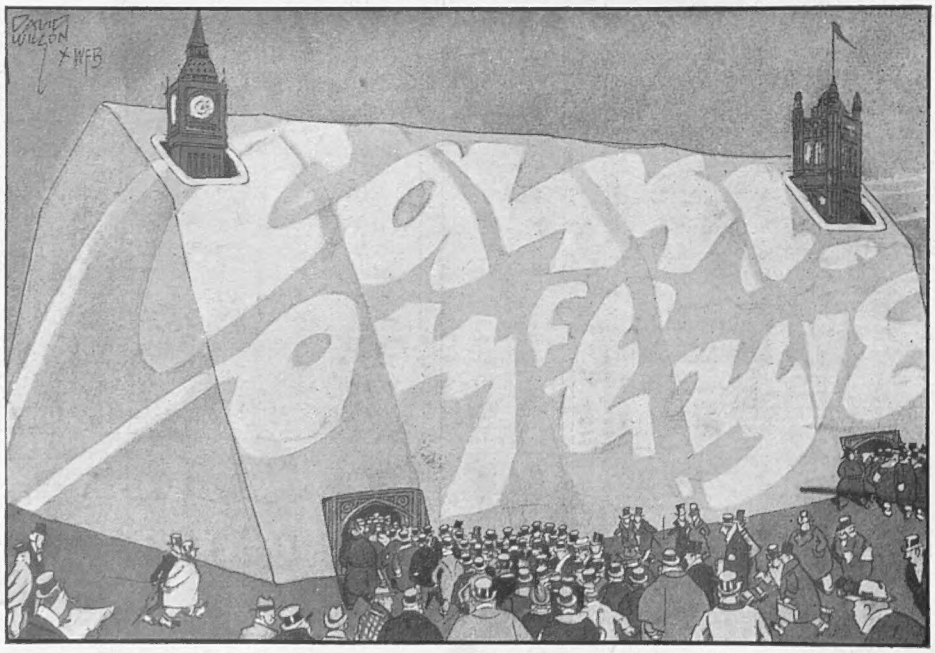
8. Army Headquarters will not be informed and the message will not be repeated to Corps on the right and left.

9. As soon as it is definitely ascertained that the lost letter cannot be found, the G.S.O.2. will issue the order: "Resume Abnormal Conditions," but this order will on no account be issued until the contents of all files have been placed in jackets to which they do not belong.

10. Immediately upon the order "Resume Abnormal Conditions," the G.O.C. will be informed that the Army Commander desires to speak to him upon the telephone.

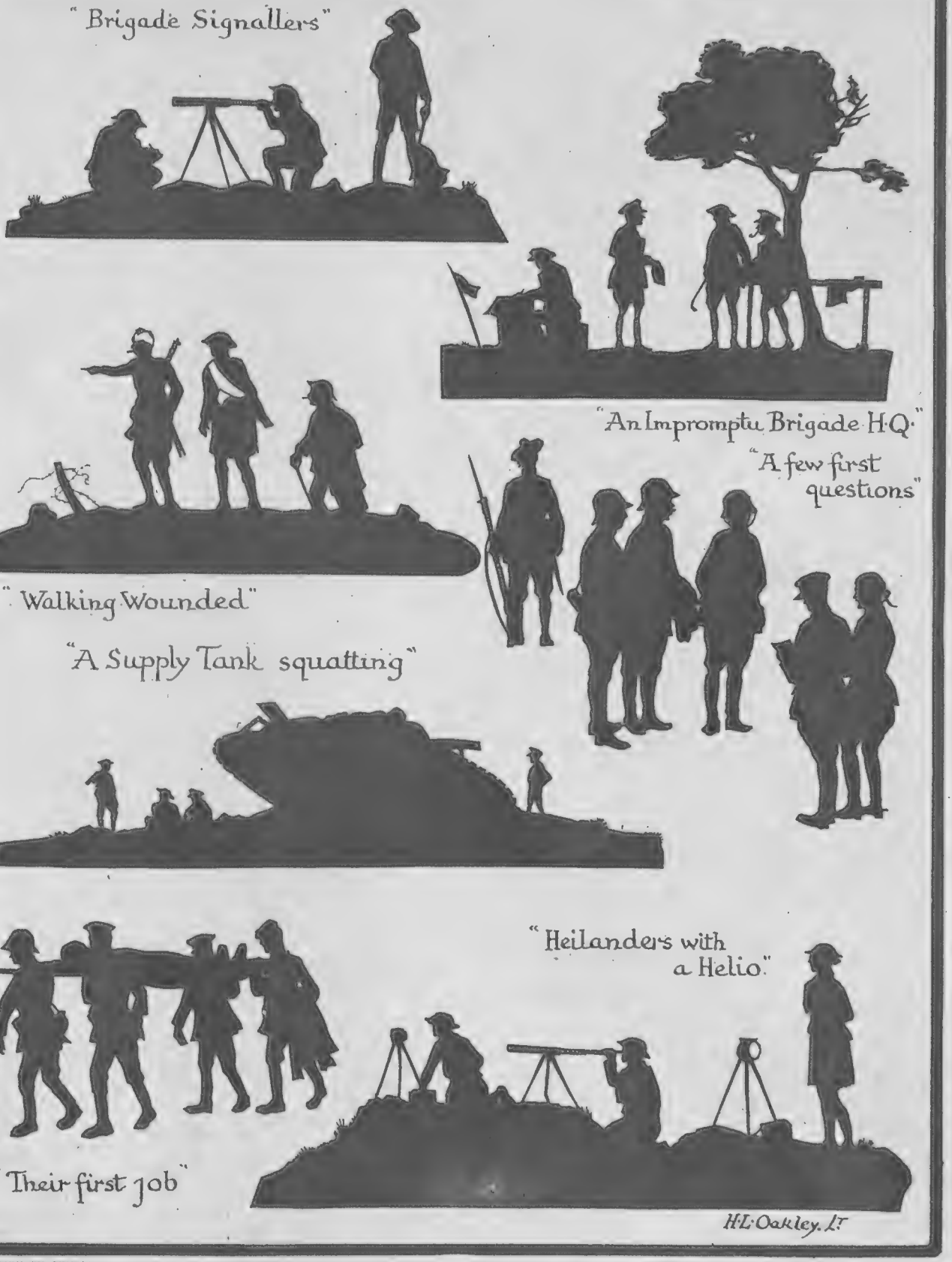
11. The B.G.G.S. will then select seven of the largest files to lay before the G.O.C., and all officers below field rank will withdraw to the Staff Officers' Mess.

Re-opening of the Westminster Hot Airodrome



OCTOBER 18.—THE RETURN OF THE HOT AIR FORCE

Scraps from the Western Front



PASSED BY CENSOR

Some silhouette impressions on the battlefield during the recent British advance, by Lieut. Oakley

By "JINGLE."

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER

THIS is the usual bright and lively entertainment characteristic of the Palace Theatre, but it is chiefly a personal triumph for Miss Elsie Janis, who runs right through the show like a bright, particular shooting star. Soon after the rising of the curtain a hamper is brought on to the stage, and Peter (Mr. Owen Nares) goes and sits down on it. Presently he finds the lid moving under him; and he naturally jumps up quickly, as anybody else would do on being taken suddenly in the flank as it were. Then the lid opens and Iris (Miss Janis) appears from the basket, and, while politely regretting that she has disturbed Peter's repose, is obliged to point out that he was sitting on her ventilating shaft or something of that sort. Iris has come to a harbour somewhere in Somewhere as a stowaway, and having arrived at that extremely vague locality, her first business is to fascinate Peter so that in a few minutes he is telling her that she is the only girl in the world for him. It is a quaint and amusing, not to say sudden, love scene; but it is not likely that an up-to-date revue is going to be tied down to anything that suggests a coherent story. So, as soon as possible, the scene is changed, and we have Mr. Stanley Lupino as a modern "Tommy" transported by the time machine into the Middle Ages.

THE first thing that impresses Tommy is a gallant knight in armour, sturdily represented by Mr. Will West. The knight's principal weapon the usual iron club, the head of which is freeïy studded with spikes for the purpose of hurting the other fellow a good deal, and we have some amusing comparisons between the weapons of the old days and the new. After all, some of the gallant knights of old would make a pretty poor show if they got in the way of a modern Jack Johnson, and the modern knight has to face disadvantages of that sort without the half-ton of old iron which was necessary to protect the skin of the gallant fighter of days gone by, who clearly did not believe in taking too many chances. One of the chief functions of a gallant knight of old was, I believe, the rescuing of maidens in distress. I suppose after the rescue the maiden was expected to marry her preserver; but if he had been in the rescuing business for long, he would probably

(*Continued on page 106*)

ELSIE JANIS
LEWIS BAUMER

be married already, and in that case—but that, of course, would be her misfortune and not her fault.

FROM the Middle Ages we go to a Paris studio, the chief event of which is a wonderful quartette entitled "*Après la Guerre*," which, as everybody knows, is Chinese for "after the war." Miss Janis and Mr. Lupino are ably supported by Mr. Owen Nares and Mr. Will West, and the effect of the combination is an outbreak of quite clever nonsense set to a tune that is splendidly exhilarating. A lively splash of colour is brought into this scene by the introduction of lovely ladies dressed in costumes made up of the national colours of the Allies. As each lady is announced and walks on with the majesty peculiar to representatives of Great Powers on the stage, there

is applause according to the degree of affection entertained by the audience for a particular nationality. By this time, probably, the management will have felt justified in including Bulgaria in the group, even if the introduction has to be prefaced with the explanation that though the lady is a little late she has got there just the same. The cheering will, I am sure, be of deafening proportions. The scene is, perhaps, reminiscent of the old pantomime methods, but it is very effective; and in these days of excitement it relieves our feelings mightily to be able to cheer anybody or anything on the right side of the fence.

THE chief humorist is Mr. Stanley Lupino, whose neat humour is well supplemented by his remarkable dancing. The second act opens on a restaurant in Soho, and Mr. Lupino's first business is an instructive exhibition of the manner of getting hold of somebody else's meat card when you have lost your own. This scene, as a whole, might perhaps be improved by the addition of a little wit and humour to its plentiful dialogue. As it is, it is as much as Mr. Lupino, with all his valiant endeavour, can do to make it funny. But no doubt by this time the scene has been pulled into shape. Revues are always progressive, and, like the rest of us, they generally grow better as they grow older. The concluding turn of this scene is a quite brilliant burlesque of Italian opera by Miss Janis, Mr. Lupino, and Mr. West; and Mr. Lupino's sudden transformation into a monkey on a barrel-organ fairly brings down the house. Mr. Lupino is indeed a windfall for this revue, his style of humour making a very happy foil to the lighter and more delicate methods of Miss Janis, who seems, by the way, to be quite at home in two or three languages.

A GOOD deal is made of the typical Army medical officer; but here again it needs all the resources of the players to render the situations and dialogues at all interesting. The idea of the first scene is quite good. Peter, presenting himself for examination, is told in pompous language that he is suffering from all kinds of troubles with long Latin names to them, and when he concludes that his best chance is to hurry back home and make his will at once, he is coldly informed that his troubles, duly translated, are nothing much and will not prevent his being classed as A 1. A useful idea is that which makes Peter appear before the M.O. in a very gorgeous dressing-gown. It is not the assertive pattern of the thing that matters, of course. That is only camouflage to avoid emphasising the presence

of the garment itself. I have heard that recruits before the M.O. are far less generously attired, and, of course, there is a limit to realism on the stage, even in these extremely military days.

THERE are one or two other scenes of special interest to soldiers on active service, and the laughter and applause with which they are greeted by the gentlemen in khaki in the house is clear proof that the right note has been struck here. The concluding scene is quite an orgy of beauty and colour with Miss Janis to the fore with her wonderful song "The Jazz Band," the chorus being supplied by the Palace Girls with their usual success. The entertainment runs along its diversified course with an agreeable smoothness, and with its gentle humour, its playful music, and Miss Elsie Janis, its enduring popularity is doubtless assured. JINGLE

Leader of the Ballet

Photograph *Claude Harris*

NINETTE de VALOIS

Principal dancer at the Palladium for Sir Thomas Beecham's special season. Her father, Colonel Stannans, D.S.O., was recently killed while leading the Leinsters into action

Ground Bait

By DELL LEIGH

THIS is an age of wangling. In fact, all new editions of dictionaries should contain the word as a recognised unit of the English vocabulary. It will doubtless be shown thus: WANGLE—*to obtain a desired object by divers methods (see unauthorised)*. The word has come into daily use more, perhaps, in departments of State than elsewhere, because short cuts have so frequently to be made through lanes and hedgerows of stereotyped formulæ, which the cynic calls "red tape." To those old men and maidens, young men and children who propose to enter, or who have already been enmeshed in the net of a Government department, the term ground bait, a half-sister of wangle, should be explained.

Suppose for a moment that Smith, Miss Brown, Captain Jones, and old man Robinson work in different rooms on the same corridor in, say, the Ministry of National Negation. They are all comfortably installed, and Miss Brown brews tea for all on a wholly unauthorised gas ring, concealed on the floor behind the wastepaper basket. They are friends, so far as the dignity of their respective work permits; the corridor has a southerly aspect with sun, as yet unrationed, and for these four worthies the war might be worse than it is. Peace and harmony reign on this corridor; they have all become expert in writing with their eyes shut the great words "passed to you, please, for attention and necessary action," and, in fact, it is an ideal department to be in.

But one day a strange rumour floats through the corridor that the Ministry is to be moved to larger and finer premises. Reason: congestion of present accommodation and an insatiable desire on the part of Government to add to its unique collection of hotels. Following close on the heels of rumour come strange men with foot rules and plans. They walk from room to room talking in undertones. Let us now follow the movements of Smith, for Smith has been a Government servant for ten years, and what Smith doesn't know—well!

AN AIR-RAID ALARM AT BEETLEBURG-ON-RHINE

He first of all keeps his own counsel with Miss Brown, Jones, and old Robinson, putting them off with an assurance that they won't be moved until the other hotel is completely ready for them. Then he winks solemnly to himself, and proceeds to lay ground bait in two places. He first rings up the D.B.S., or in common parlance the Director of Buildings and Services, who will eventually give orders about the move.

"That you, old boy? You are an old rotter, you never come up and see me now, what? Yes, I suppose you are frightfully busy; wouldn't have your job for a thousand a year. No, I don't want anything, thanks; I'm not one of that sort. As a matter of fact, I wanted to congratulate you. I see your boy has got the D.S.O.—well, I'm not surprised, a fine lad. What? Oh, isn't he in the Grenadiers? I thought he was—well, cheerio!"

The D.B.S. also controls the supply of furniture, fittings, and all the accessories of office life. Mark well the ground bait.

Next comes the Office of Works, who will ultimately carry out the move. They are shy fish who have evaded much angling, and the ground bait is of a delicate kind.

"Hullo! That you, Mr. Godwin—how are you? I say, what's all this nonsense about moving us to the Piccadilly Palace? . . . Really? Oh, well, it it doesn't much matter. All for the good of the war, I suppose. By the way, I've got a couple of upper circles for *The Scandal of a Staff Officer* to-night and can't go—any good to you? Righto! Send one of your men up for them, will you? Not at all, I'm only too pleased."

Arrives anon a person belonging to that elusive body called H.M. Office of Works, wearing a jaundiced expression and a green baize apron. He is one of the sea-green incorruptibles—a man of few words, who moves your office furniture in the dead of night and loses it in another fellow's room. He will do nothing without a written requisition, countersigned by the D.B.S.—a matter of months. To him Smith adopts the genial, slightly deferential attitude, sympathising with him on domestic questions and the disgrace of the new gas rationing.

"Can you change me a pound note? Thanks; ten, fourteen, sixteen—oh, that's all right, next time you're passing."

. . . . . .

Amid the complete chaos that reigns in the newly-commandeered hotel the *personnel* of Smith's department wanders disconsolate. There are no lights, no bells, no heating, no telephones.

But these necessities for the peaceful prosecution of the war appear very rapidly one by one in Smith's room. Nobody knows why—except Smith and the workmen who fix things up.

He calls it "ground bait," and says that fishing is an expensive pastime.

The Wash - Out

THE HINDENBURG LINE

BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

"A Sentime

PASSED BY CENSOR

I love motoring, but when Silas K. Huckleberry (the accredited war correspon

tal Journey"

of the *El Paso Pursuit*) takes me out after a "sob stuff" story, I simply hate it

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Punchinello

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

[Columbine, let me tell you the story of Punchinello—I won't write his real name. As for yours, I don't know it. But this story is written just for you—just for you, my dear, whoever you may be. Incidentally, it is the story of Harlequin also. And Harlequin's name, Columbine, is von Spiel.]

WE had finished dinner and were sampling the whisky, unearthed after ten years from some cool London cellar for our especial benefit, when the door opened and in came Punchinello. We had been in a grave, meditative mood, immersed in sad thoughts of home, as even the cheeriest is apt to be on a cold, grey evening after a heavy dinner. But with the advent of Punchinello, like marionettes worked by a single string, we smiled. Like some insidious gas, the spirit of pantomime crept instantly into the air. We no longer smiled, we laughed. And Punchinello looked at us with his large, grey eyes and laughed too. He had not said a word, but his mere presence sufficed to strike some humorous chord in the gloomiest. He was laughter incarnate, and the laughter was not light, dainty, delicious—the trilling of Columbine—but impish, mocking, unexpected, ironical, joyous, full-blooded, welling up from some deeper source altogether—a tireless, inexhaustible fount.

"Whom do you think we've had over here while you've been away, Punch," asked Captain A. C. E. Roberts, otherwise Bobs, the Flight Commander.

"The devil?"

"Not far out. As a matter of fact it was the great von Spiel. He came to leave a card on you. Catch!" He flirted a screw of paper across the table. "It was in the bottom of an oat sack, nicely sealed and labelled, which he dropped. Hope you'll forgive us for opening it."

"Certainly." He read it aloud:

Mountebank,

I have shot down fifty machines less one. You shall have the honour of making my half century. I would not condescend to single you out especially, only your presence pollutes the sky. Besides, you are beginning to annoy our troops. *Von Spiel.*

"Von Spiel," repeated Punchinello slowly. "Von Spiel!"

He seemed impressed by the name, and well he might be, for von Spiel was the Ball, the Guynemer, of Germany. He read the paper again, frowned, and dropping his hands on the table stared gravely in front of him. We regarded him curiously. He was not afraid, but he was silent, and that was an extraordinary phenomenon. Punchinello silent! Punchinello serious! Ye gods!

No one there had ever known him to have a serious moment before. Everything he did was funny; his most commonplace utterance was touched with humour; he was even funny to look at. He had a sort of lop-sided appearance. His feet were loosely jointed to his ankles, his knees very nearly touched; he kept his head hunched into his shoulders, one of which was higher than the other; his ugly face, with its large, blunt nose and shapeless mouth, was continually twisting into ironical smiles or distorted with gargantuan laughter. And yet he was the best all-round man in the squadron, and courageous to a fault. Behind those humorous, deep eyes lay a brain well-poised, clear, and powerful. He could handle a machine like a professional "stunter," as a score of Huns, worsted by his uncanny skill at manœuvres will tell you in the next world. And lest you should believe him in earnest, lest you should think for a moment that he regarded anything otherwise than as a huge joke, he cast over himself and his achievements the impenetrable veil of his contagious merriment.

This particular evening he had been out on a little private flight of his own, treating a big German bivouac behind Menin to a display of fancy stunts. One could shut one's eyes and see the intrepid fellow flirting his machine about a thousand feet above the terrified Boche—see, too, the grey men scuttling hither and thither, panting, scrambling, shoving one another as they fled away beneath the menace of the darting plane. He had not fired a shot or dropped a bomb. It was sufficient to know that he had inspired unholy terror. He would visit the place, we knew, the following evening, and the one after, and the one after that, until the nerves of that particular Boche nest were in raw tatters. The grand *finale* might be either the contents of the swill-tub or a storm of lead—it depended on his mood.

Such was Punchinello.

But what was the matter with him? Surely he had not got a breeze up over this bombastic threat. The silence grew painful. At length he said, as if to himself and gazing at the note:

"This is—funny. Or is it tragic? Fate, my dear, Fate!" All at once he grinned sardonically and looked up. "Gentlemen, this is rather peculiar. This fellow von Spiel happens to be a pre-war acquaintance of mine. You call me Punchinello, and you don't know how singularly apt you are. Name von Spiel Harlequin, and someone else Columbine, and you have the dreary old triangle complete. I have no reason to believe the war has altered things. Love rises above mere race prejudices. Reason and sentiment might renounce him because of the infamy of his race, and turn a stony face to him, but still in her heart of hearts she would love him. I know the human heart a little! And he's a damned fascinating fellow. But my metaphor is making you look glum, Bobs. Cheer up! Have another drink and see if you can evolve a plan for strafing the fastidious

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 114)

Motors Operanda

A British Tank passing through a palm-grove in Palestine

A convoy of Fiat tractors carrying supplies and troops to a position in the Trentino Alps 10,000 ft. above sea level

From Belgium's shores to Palestine,
Through Tropic grove, o'er Alpine snow,
Links in the far-flung battle-line,
The Tanks and transport motors go.

"PUNCHINELLO" (*concluded*)

von Spiel. Meanwhile, since I have to pollute the sky at 4 a.m. to-morrow, I'm going to bye-bye. Good-night."

He left us to look at one another awkwardly and wonder what exactly was the story of that triangle, and whether it would still be a triangle when Fate encountered two of its sides in the near future, and if not, who—and, oh! a thousand idle conjectures like that. But the padre muttered: "God help you, Punch, old man." And Bobs unfolded his six-foot-one.

"Gentlemen," said he, raising his glass and facing the old Taube propeller, the squadron's first kill and its mascot, "the luck of the squadron to Punchinello."

At dawn Punchinello arose, executed a pirouette, and went cheerfully down to the hangars. There I met him.

"Hullo!" said he. "Insomnia? Or are you about to pinch some of my new tools?"

"Neither, dear old top. I'm coming up with you to shoot. You're a rotten shot."

"Von Spiel doesn't get up so early," said he, giving his shoulders a great shrug. "And besides, you'll only be in the way."

"That's all right," I responded, and climbed in beside the gun. We had a peaceful flight. At breakfast Punchinello tackled Bobs.

"Look here, my man, Ginger may be a crack machine-gunner, but I don't want him. In fact, I won't have him, or anyone else. This is a one-man show. I would like to remind you that I have twenty machines to my credit. Personally, I don't see why von Spiel shouldn't make the twenty-first."

He got his own way. A day passed uneventfully. The second evening he came down with a bullet-ripped tail. His next two flights were also productive of damaged fabric.

"The man must be armour-plated," he grumbled. "I'll swear I potted him fair and square each time. Here, give me that melon. It's more likely to knock him out than my bally pop-gun."

He grabbed the over-ripe fruit and went out with it under his arm. We nearly died of laughing. But that evening von Spiel came on him unexpectedly behind our own lines. Out-weighted, out-gunned, out-engined, Punchinello fought a running fight, swerving, diving, slipping, turning head over heels, firing bursts whenever his manœuvres gave him momentarily the advantage of position, and ever drawing his enemy on to the aerodrome. We came out on the ground to watch them. Davies and Keogh were mounting swiftly to his aid, and two others were getting ready. But swift as a flash the end came. Flying above the smaller plane, von Spiel made a sudden dart and looped clean round Punchinello—over the nose, underneath and up the other end, righting himself just above the tail. The thin crackle of the firing came down faintly. Punchinello banked and dipped, and then began to fall; the German drew in, flying level, evidently intending to pour in a broadside at short range. Nearer they drew together, until but a slit of sky showed between them. The machine-guns hammered unceasingly. All at once the German rocked, tilted on his nose, and came spinning down with engines full on. Punchinello crashed at the far end of the drome. Five hundred feet from earth von Spiel recovered control, but too late to rise, for our four machines were immediately overhead, cutting off his retreat. He chose the path of discretion and made a graceful landing. When he climbed out we perceived with amazement that his pale, furious face, was covered with squashed melon.

"A BOX OF TRICKS"
Miss Dorothy Jay playing at the Hippodrome

They extricated poor Punchinello from the wreckage of his machine and carried him over. He was shot through the lungs, the shoulders, and the neck, and was at the point of death. He made a weak gesture towards his opponent, who stood silently with folded arms and rage-filled eyes.

"He won," he said, speaking in great pants. "He got the engine and the tank, then he got me. My gun jammed. He hung on and got me again. I saw him laughing as he came close. Then I chucked the melon and got *him*. Full in the face. Good—old—melon!" A gleam of the old sardonic laughter flashed into the glazing eyes. Von Spiel made a noise like the sudden escape of gas at high pressure and spat at him. Bobs knocked him down. Punchinello choked blood, and muttered disconnected fragments.

"He *is* angry . . . Yes, I did it, Madge. He was your god, and I downed him with a melon. An over-ripe melon . . . David's pebble! I'm —so—sorry . . . dear."

His spirit fled.

Punchinello has forgotten you, Columbine. With a splintered propeller at his head, he sleeps peacefully, deep in Flanders soil. But if you want Harlequin, you will find him in Donnington Hall, fat and well-cared for, I doubt not—*if* you want him, Columbine.

C. Patrick Thompson

Noblesse Oblige

FOOTMAN *(from near-by mansion)*: "Her ladyship presents her compliments to the night watchman, and begs that she may be allowed the privilege of heating her saucepan on his fire"

Horse-de-Combat

By A. A. THOMSON

"Far was his fort from anywhere"

ATTEND all ye who list to learn
How Green, a gunner subaltern,
Annexed a decoration.
Unkindly rumour says that he
Became a hero *malgré lui*,
But here's the explanation.

WHEN Green obtained his first commish,
The Army did not grant his wish
To flatten Fritz in Flanders;
But kept him on the homeland coast,
To poach Hun submarines on toast
And swot U-boat commanders.

FAR was his fort from anywhere;
Distractions were extremely rare
And submarines were rarer.
His guns resembled quite a lot
The ordnance that our fathers shot
At Cæsar's standard bearer.

AT length, with sob and prayerful tear,
He sought a friendly brigadier
And said: "All numbed my nerve is;
Pray, sir, remove me, ere I pine,
To Poperinghe or Palestine
Or anywhere on service!"

THE Army said: "Right ho, my son!"
And fired him, rapid as a gun,
Off to the Land of Plenty,
Whose clime—the super-torrid sort—

"When Scamp . . . took charge of operations"

Makes Hades seem a health resort;
To that blest country went he.

HIS orders seemed a happy dream:
"*You will proceed forthwith upstream*
To join a heavy battery."
But when he learned that this perforce
Entailed possession of a horse,
His heart felt pitterpattery.

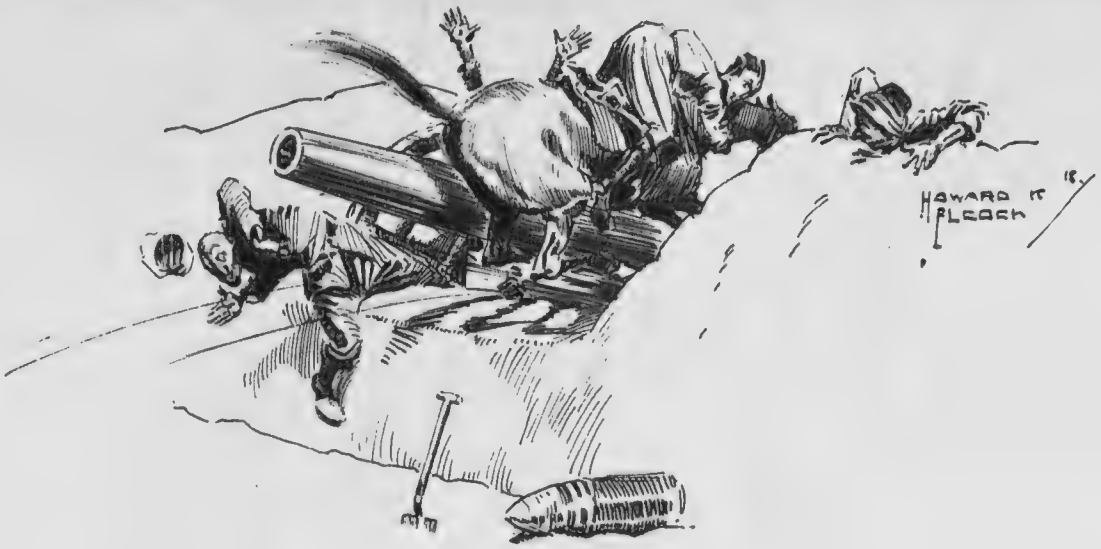
FOR Green a horseless life had led
And feared far more that quadruped
Than unicorn or dragon.
He'd take on Bulgar, Turk or Hun
At odds of eight or nine to one
But dared not take a nag on.

THEY bunged him on the bony back
Of Scamp, an evil-hearted hack,
Whose chief delight and pet trick

"To send him hurtling through the air"

PASSED BY CENSOR

"HORSE-DE-COMBAT" (*concluded*)



"The Turks were even more dismayed"

Was, by advantage quite unfair,
To send him hurtling through the air
In figures geometric.

FULL many times in many days,
In loops and curves and other ways,
Its arching neck he went o'er.
In happy horsemanship, I ween,
Compared with luckless Mr. Green,
John Gilpin was a centaur.

ONE day our friends the Turks and we
(Like Tweedledum and Tweedledee)
Agreed to have a quarrel;
And half-way through the conflict grim,
Green's major-man thus howled to him—
I cut out words immoral—

"J. TURK will harp his hymn of hate
Until we manage to locate
That nasty hidden howitzer."
Said Green: "I'll make it now my biz
To find exactly where it is—
That is, if you'll allow it sir."

THRILLED with the glamour of romance,
He started his reconnaissance;
Imagine his sensations
When Scamp—a creature over base—
With equine leer upon its face,
Took charge of operations.

IT thundered forth across the plain,
Poor Green was clinging to its mane,
And scarce knew what this race meant.
Their Broncho Bill-Mazeppa ride,
Ended abruptly just inside
The Turkish gun emplacement.

IF Scamp had rendered Green afraid,
The Turks were even more dismayed
And fled in trepidation.
A howitzer of monstrous size
He'd captured, more to his surprise
Than to his jubilation.

HE harnessed up the panting Scamp,
And dragged the "how." right back to camp,
His major's heart delighting;
Then asked in pleading accents for
A transfer to the Flying Corps,
As somewhat less exciting.

SO now the simple tale you know
Of how Green won the D.S.O.
I hope that what I've said'll
Enable you to answer me:
Whether the jockey or the gee
Deserved to *wear the medal.*

A. A. THOMSON

"Whether the jockey or the gee
Deserved to wear the medal"

PASSED BY CENSOR

The BYSTANDER OVERSEAS

Re-Ruralising America

BY THE BYSTANDER IN NEW YORK

HOMER J. MACNAUGHTEN, the Bystander in America's best friend, posed prophetically on a slope at Riverside-on-Hudson, pointed to five garage-sheds, sandwiched between five agreeable villas, and said, with apostolic conviction:

"In six months, friend, those'll be chicken-coops; and in another six months, Potsdam Palace will be the Allies' headquarters. The two things are connected. Mark my words!"

Homer J. Macnaughten is the author of "Re-ruralising Yankeeland," a book about war-farms and war-gardens. For Europe this is an old, outworn experience. Everyone here knows that once-desert England is feeding herself; that on Berlin's balconies, once sacred to wet lingerie, now bloom carrots; and that cauliflowers have replaced gillyflowers on the big raised patch before King Haakon's palace in Christiania. To Europeans war-gardens are a tiresome theme; but remember America is still feeling the first virginal thrills of war-adaptation, and Homer J. Macnaughten, and many like him, are as keen on re-ruralising their country as was England in 1916, as was the forethoughtful Hun even two years earlier.

Homer J. arrived from Troy, N.Y., in ardent proselytising mood. So much so that he nearly struck the frivolous Bystander in America for showing him this verse from a comic paper:

In a State that is nameless and shameless too
One farmer's an infamous sinner;
When his war-farmerette was at work in the wet
The farmer ate her dinner.

Throwing aside the paper, Homer J. dragged the Bystander in America into broiling New York, and showed him the magic progress made in war-gardening. There are four thousand war-gardens on roofs. Of course, in the piping times of peace, New York also had roof-gardens, but they flourished mainly on the tops of big hotels, and produced only harvests of dry Martini cocktails. Now, at 180th Street — where ill-paid professors dwell—are roof-gardens that grow everything except peanuts and tobacco. And farther up Manhattan Island is a flourishing tobacco patch.

"That's winning the war," said Homer J. And he dragged the perspiring Bystander in America "down town" and showed him something even more surprising. This was in the new skyscraper district near the Grand Central Station and the Public Library, where 42nd Street crosses Fifth Avenue, and where there is more rush and hustle than anywhere on earth. There, overshadowed by the topping Bush-Terminal and Æolian skyscrapers, is a whole model farm. Tomatoes gleam red; cabbages sit squatly; and, soaring up as if it wished to beat the skyscrapers, is a high, nearly ripe crop of Indian corn. And all this is no sham or camouflage. It is repeated everywhere; and Russell Edwards, Washington's Chief Director of War-Gardens, reports that soon New York City will supply itself with all vegetables, potatoes excepted.

Homer J. starts next week on a lecture-tour on "Re-ruralising America." His theme is this: Before the War, America's farming was as industrial as her manufacturing. The average big farm out west was about as "rural" as the Steel Corporation. Farming had become like war. "It's not Foch's business," said Homer, "to know the details of trench life. His business is to sit in an office with maps and telephones. Our farmers are like that. They sit in offices and issue commands by telephone, saying: 'Send two reaping machines to field No. 3,' just as Foch says: 'Send thirty tanks against field fortification, section 20.' America must be re-ruralised by breaking up the big farms. And," added Homer J., "the class which was formerly our most rural must be ruralised again." That was the commuter, the suburban resident who goes to his city work by train. Unlike the superior, semi-detached British

(Continued on page 121)

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

FRITZ: "Dear me. He quite so beautiful after all seems not"

It's the Little Things that Worry

PASSED BY CENSOR

"It is an ancient campaigner, and he stoppeth one of three"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Sporty Boyees"
are now wearing
"Clydella"
(Reg.d)

the soft, warm, and durable material
for SHIRTS and PYJAMAS.

Write for patterns, etc.,
to the Manufacturers.

DAY & NIGHT WEAR

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 3a), Newgate St.,
London, E.C.1.

suburbanite, who grows only flowers, the American commuter was always half a farmer. He raised his own vegetables, his own maize, and his own hens. His chicken-coop was an imposing structure. Then came the motor-car; and to-day in Yankeeland are five millions of them, or one to every five families. The motor-cars made desert the commuter's farm. Instead of keeping cool in summer by watching his chicks, the commuter keeps cool by tearing in his car along asphalte roads. And the result? The chicks vanished—the coop made way for the car-stable. Thrifty folk even covered their wire-net coops with tarpaulin, and called them gerages. And the broad car-road to the house, with room for turning, absorbed the garden where the maize and tomatoes had flourished. So the motor-car consummated America's de-ruralisation.

"Re-ruralisation and the winning of the war means no more cars," said Homer. And he chuckled, took from his pocket a newspaper cutting, and read aloud: "'Washington, D.C.—In order to save gasolene, Sunday driving in motor-cars is prohibited.'" This kills motoring as a pleasure, for Sunday-driving is nine-tenths of the commuter's driving. And Homer J. rejoices fiendishly. When we got back to our Hudsonside suburb, he pointed again to the five garages within sight, and repeated: "I tell you, friend, those'll soon be chicken-coops again. And Potsdam Palace will be the Allies' Staff Headquarters. Re-ruralisation, chickens and tomatoes, and a sufficient crop of cabbages are going to win this war. You bet!"

IN PARIS

"When the garçon brings you the addition"

"LA VIE EST CHÈRE"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

IT is of many of you the thought that all the French people are very great robbers. There was, for example, Marguerite's brother who was come to Paris for his *permission* and has written that now he hopes the war will last for again four years and that he will not have any more leave. "Every Frenchman," he says, "must be millionaire to be able to live among his countrymen, at least if he dines in the restaurants. It will take me four years on my pay to make up what I have spent in ten days."

ALAS! that it is a little true what he has said. But then you are so foolish, my friends. You love very much to make the big splash and to spend very much. Then, when the *garçon* brings you the *addition*, you have the sore head, and think so sadly how you have been robbed. Now our Government goes to protect you. In the restaurants *de luxe* it will be the law that one must not pay more than 20 francs for the dinner.

MESSIEURS the *restaurateurs* are very angry about the new law, and they say their clients like to spend much for their good dinner, but I think there are many of our allies who will be very glad that the Government shall save their money. Our Ministers go to make so many new laws about the food. Soon the *marchands des quatre saisons* will sell the good *ragoût* and the *rosbif* of the Government on their barrows instead of the oranges and *choufleurs*. It will be so good to smell like the chestnuts of the *marchand de marrons* at the corner of our avenue in the winter, which always give me a hunger.

EVEN for us French people it is become necessary, as Marguerite's brother has said, that we should all be the millionaires to live in Paris. All is become so dear, and there is also the tax of the luxuries. Of that we have so good a joke with our sister Lucile. She has ordered at the tailor a coat of 300 francs and when the bill was come it was marked: "Coat 200 francs. Trousers 100 francs."

HOW we have laughed at Lucile and teased what she should do with the trousers. But it was not for her the trousers. It was only that the tailor has wished to save that she should pay the tax which there would be on her coat, and he has forgotten it was not the coat of a man which was on the bill. But it is not always the tailor is so obliging to break the law.

"Messieurs the restaurateurs are very angry"

"THE BYSTANDER OVERSEAS" (*concluded*)

WE have in our language the little saying which is not very polite: *La vie est amère*; *et les femmes sont chères*. But now it is, I think, the life which is dear and the girls who are sad. One has much sympathy with the *midinettes*, who have made a strike to get more money. The life it is dull enough to sew all day without that one should not earn the sous to go with one's poilu to the cinema on the Sundays.

"The marchand de marrons"

THEY were very gay the *grévistes*, and have made processions past the great houses of the tailors singing so rebel songs and making the fun of the policemen of whom so many were come to keep the order. It is, perhaps, that some will say it is very wicked to strike in the war, but it is very disagreeable that one cannot buy enough to eat at the same time that the *patron* makes the double his profits. And they were very reasonable the *midinettes*. They have waited all the summer till that the Germans should be driven away from Paris, and there was not any more danger, before they have made their demands.

EVERYONE is so excited now that the war will be over quite soon. It is every day a victory, and if there is not in the *communiqué* 5,000 or 10,000 prisoners one is quite disappointed. It is again the hour of the *tacticiens* of the café. They make their maps with the finger and the glasses. "*Voilà, mon vieux*," says one, "here is Metz"; and he places his *bock* in the middle of the table, and then they have so loud an argument of what the Marshal Foch should do next.

BUT the *militaires* they do not take place in the discussion. They like better to sit in the corner where the talk is not of the war, but just the nonsense, and to make the flirt. They are so *blasé* of it all, our *poilus*, that they will not at all get excited of the victories. But they are like us that they think the war ought soon to be finished.

"The grévistes . . . making fun of the policemen"

THERE was, for example, our friend, the Lieutenant Pierre Briehot. When he was come last on *permission*, he has commanded at his tailor three suits of the civil clothes so to be ready for the end of the war. But the poor Pierre when he has got the bill he has wished he had been more patient. It is now the tailor who wishes that the end of the war would come so that he might be paid.

IT is our old Léonie who is the worst complainer of the *vie chère*. When she goes to the market she buys always at the stall where there is a policeman because she thinks the *marchand* will be afraid to cheat. I think she wishes that we would have again a revolution in Paris so that she might go and throw the man who sells the potatoes into the Seine. When she has the *cauchemar* now it is always the same that she has a great basket of eggs which have cost ten sous the piece, and that she is being chased by the Kaiser so that she drops her eggs one at each pace.

"IT is not, Mademoiselle," she has told me, "that I have fear of that species of an idiot. But, oh! it costs so dear to break the eggs that I waken all of a *tremblement*." She has reason, the old Léonie. In this moment, though there is a great war, it is an affair of importance to break an egg.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

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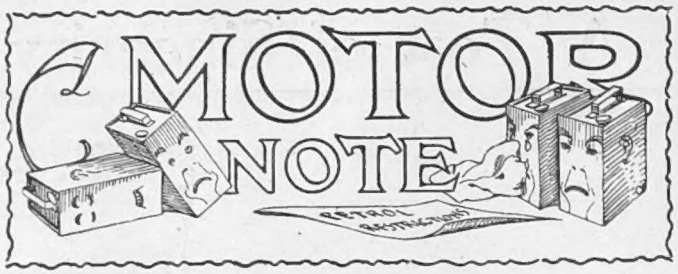
A Test of Sincerity

PASSED BY CENSOR

CHECK-MATE

MISTRESS: "So your sweetheart is going to Buckingham Palace to be decorated? How splendid!"
MAID: "Yes'm; an' I thought of asking your permission to 'ave 'im to supper in the kitchen to-night"



HEAVENS! It seems there is a stir among the elect. It arises from a reference herein to the place of the starter in the post-war car. It was written: "I do not expect to see any more self-starters on the *first season's* after-the-war cars than one saw on the last season's pre-war models," for the reason stated that there are more important things, and that a "self-starter" still adds something sufficiently material to the total cost of the low-priced car (or the car we expect to be in common demand) to make it impossible to *talk* about universality of starting sets—particularly, of course, upon the *first season's* post-war models. Properly read, there seems little in that at which to cavil save as to the number of starters on post-war *first season* vehicles and that was no more than a little essay in prophecy. It seems, however, to have been construed into a general adverse criticism of starters and a general denial of their ultimate universality. Which is a pity; because that was obviously never intended.

***

PERSONALLY, I have a large and comprehensive faith in the future of the engine starter. I believe it will ultimately be a constant feature on any well-found vehicle. I believe it must ultimately come into general use on all types of car. I do not know how soon it may be possible to produce a set that will not make an appreciable difference to the selling cost of the lowest-priced vehicles. I *do* know that, other things being equal, the car with a good starter will have a big advantage over the car without a starter. There is no doubt at all about that.

***

BUT when it comes to a fight for the low-priced market between hot competitors, it is obvious that £20 or £25 may make a considerable difference, not because the buyer would not pay that difference if he could, and if he were personally going to get the benefit of the equipment, but because, in a very considerable number of cases, he cannot conveniently stand the cost, or thinks he can't, which is the same thing; or because he is buying for business purposes not directly affecting his own comfort, or—for a score of other reasons.

***

ULTIMATELY, starter production may make it possible for the outfit to be added at a price which will induce car manufacturers to fit it as standard upon the lowest-priced vehicle. Ultimately some form of starter will, I think, certainly come to be regarded as indispensable as a radiator, and be as common a feature as windscreens. We are in the transition stage to-day. Manufacturers have not yet been converted to the idea of starter indispensability. That is because owners have not insisted; and that is because the cost of the most reliable of electrical equipments is still material. That is *my* view; and it also, you will observe, is a little in the prophetic department. Unfortunately, when we talk of futures, the best of us have to be prophetic, and have to hope that the event will not let us down too badly.

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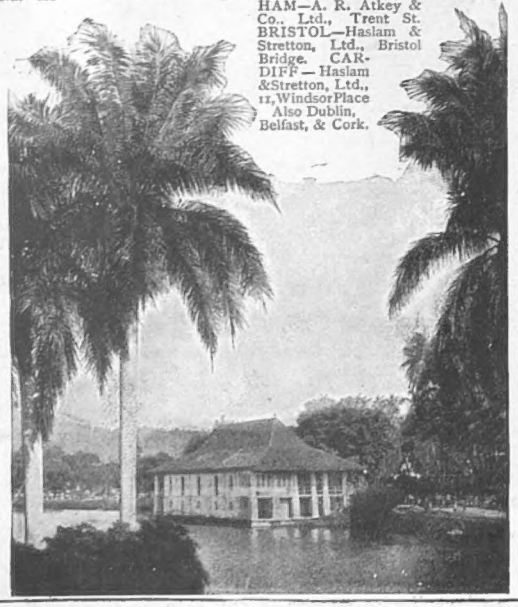

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